

Our Boys and Girls

HELPING THE BELGIAN CHILDREN.

Our little friends and their friends are showing their interest in the Belgian children by sending us some money that will be sent right on. We wonder if there are not many more who want to help them. Remember that these children do not have enough to eat, and the good people who are trying to help them are in need of money to buy a little more food for them each day. When you sit down to the table to eat the good meals that mother fixes for you try to think how you would feel if you had to take just the bread you have for one meal and a little milk, and make that do for all day. That is just about what the little Belgian children have to do.

We know some little girls who are trying to make some money to send. How many more are willing to do this? And besides making some yourselves, see if father or mother or somebody else that you know will send some, too.

Here is what has been sent:

Pauline McCormack, 50c; Jessie McCormack, 50c; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Moore, \$8.00; Rev. B. M. Cowan, \$5.00; Mrs. B. M. Cowan, \$1.00; Mildred Cowan, \$1.00; James Cowan, \$1.00; Mrs. John M. Hart, \$5.00; Friends, Weems, Va., \$8.00. Total, \$30.00.

BEING A FATHER.

Over and over flipped the red parasol across the sand. Jerry let out his thin, long legs and gave valiant chase, Luis hobbled wildly after, tagged fretfully by Zenda, the little old-man monkey.

A curious and much out of breath trio they were when at last Jerry seized the runaway firmly, just in time to save it from the greedy waves, and turned to look for its owner. She had seen the chase and waved to them from the rocks up the beach. So they made their way to her, Jerry tugging the parasol in one hand and leading Luis with the other, while Zenda minced and waltzed along, chattering and scolding at this strange, hurried journey.

She thanked them, with lips and eyes, but Jerry was mute before the gentle-voiced lady in the wonderful gown, rising to meet them and take her parasol. Little Luis clung to Jerry, not knowing what else to do, so it was left to Zenda to save the reputation of the rescuers. Very gallantly Zenda approached the strange lady, bowed and offered his little red cap. The lady's laugh as she sank back into the warm sand made everybody feel better. Jerry, too, slipped down onto the beach, his tongue loosened.

"Whew!" he exploded, feeling of his tired legs, "your parasol's some runner!"

"But you won," she laughed, closing it and laying it beside her.

"Might a' been in Spain by now," chuckled Jerry, looking out over the gleaming water.

Then his eyes came back to her face, big blue eyes that seemed only to make brighter the red of his hair. "Say," he confided gravely, "he's gotta go to Spain, honest Injun," and he nodded at the small Luis beside him.

Instantly the lady was all attention. "Tell me," she said gently, settling back to listen. Luis and the monkey were chasing each other in and out among the rocks. Jerry looked at her, considered and decided.

"He used to b'long to an organ man," he said confidentially, "an' now he's died. They lived to my house, an' he took care o' me, too.

He told me to be a father to Luis and send him back to Spain to his uncle. But bein' a father ain't what it's cracked up to be!"

Jerry paused long enough to rescue Zenda from a puddle left over by the waves.

"It's been most a month now," he went on, "an' I just can't get anywhere near enough chink. Sellin' papers is a good enough job fer one, but it don't go 'round fer two! Somebody swiped the organ on me, an' I'm scared they'll get Zenda 'fore I kin get 'em shipped for Spain. His uncle's livin' to this place." He pulled a crumpled card from his pocket and showed it to her. "See, it says Barcelona on it, an' his name. I know all 'bout the tickets," he went on, putting the card back carefully. I asked the man to the ticket office. It costs a heap sight—it's green an' "

A sudden spring and off dashed Jerry to rescue Luis from a crack between the huge rocks. One foot waved wildly up from a series of screams somewhere below. When he had been pulled out, comforted, and the chattering monkey fastened by his chain to Jerry's wrist instead of Luis's, the boy dropped down again beside his lady.

"Ain't Spain kind of a quiet place?" he asked wistfully. "Betcher 'twould be just right fer them two. They're always gettin' into somethin' here. Old Miss Sykes takes care of 'em while I 'm sellin' papers, but she ain't going to much longer. She says they're too many fer her!"

Jerry sighed, untwisting the monkey's chain to give him a longer chance to run.

"Luis's so little," he went on firmly, watching with loving eyes the baby figure tossing pebbles into the air, "but he's most six now an' I guess I'll have to get him a job. I jes' can't do it alone nohow. But there ain't nothin' he can seem to do but make pictures. He makes bully pictures," he said warmly.

The lady's eyes were filling with a great wistfulness. But the little father was seized with a sudden new fear.

"Where's he gone now?" he cried, springing up. "Just a minute ago!"

But the minute was gone, so was Luis. "I'll come back when I find him," shouted Jerry as he swung the monkey to his shoulder and ran around the rocks out of sight.

Fifteen minutes passed. The wistfulness in Caroline Waring's eyes was fast softening into a long unknown tenderness, when up trooped the trio, Jerry far ahead, tagged by Luis and the monkey.

"I've got it," shouted Jerry. "I've got it—Luis's job! Say, what d' you know! An' he can do it, too, slick enough! It's jest makin' a picture in the sand, like the big picture the man's makin'. You make it, an' you put down a white thing, an' all the people drop money down from the boulevard—lots an' lots o' money. What if somebody should drop down a ticket! Oh, can't you come an' look? It ain't far." Jerry stopped for lack of breath.

Instantly Caroline Waring stood up. "Yes," she said, "I can come. Show me."

"There he is," explained Jerry, eagerly. "Look!"

She looked. A young man was carving in the damp sand the Lion of Lucerne. He had cleared a large space like a frame, and measured carefully the place for his picture. In the moistened sand he was deftly drawing—a few lines and the huge lion appeared in out-

line. Unconscious of the crowd on the boulevard, many of whom were leaning over the rail to watch him, he worked painstakingly on, following with great care a plaster model which he had taken from a bag at his side.

Not far away was a piece of canvas spread out on the sand, explaining that the young man was in need of money to go on with his education in art. Many people stopped to admire his work, tossing down dimes, quarters and even dollars onto the canvas to help him out.

Jerry was wild with joy. "See!" he cried. "He can work over here with the man. He can make a lion, I know he can. Can't you, Luis?"

Luis's knowledge of English was modest, but he flashed a smile at the older boy and nodded his head violently.

Caroline Waring's smile answered the child's. "You shall try," she said brightly. "Only it is so late now—hadn't you better wait till tomorrow to begin?"

Jerry looked suddenly at the dipping sun. "My papers! I'll have to hustle. Say! Can't you come back tomorrow an' watch him work?" he asked wistfully.

The lady of the parasol promised. Jerry lifted the wee boy to one shoulder and the monkey to the other.

"Good night," he flashed. "Don't forget tomorrow," and he was off.

Three o'clock next day found Jerry hurrying to the boulevard. A little anxiously he ran—his lady of the parasol had promised to look after Luis at his job, still the father heart of Jerry would rise in sudden alarm at the cry of a child at play with its nurse as he scurried toward the artist's sand plot.

"Fer the love o' Mike! Look at that! Ain't it bully! Look at the money they've throwed down!"

Jerry stood beside his lady and together they looked at the two artists. The Lion of Lucerne bulked big in its huge sand frame. It was finished now, the shield in the lion's side and the lovely lily of France gleaming in the green and violet lights of the sea. The artist leaned on his shovel, proud of his work and grateful for the recognition and help of the watchers on the boulevard above him.

Not far away baby Luis leaned likewise on his little shovel, but happy with a baby's happiness at his own success. His lion also was finished. All the afternoon he had worked at his picture, carefully copying the artist's work. Many trips had he trudged, always guarded by the scolding Zenda, to make sure his picture looked like the larger one.

A very queer lion it was, trampled, poked and crooked, so queer it needed the artist's beside it to make known what he had tried to do. But many in the crowd of strollers on the walk above had stopped to look, laugh a little and drop a coin on the big, white pocket handkerchief held by four stones at its corners in the sand beside him.

He looked up now, standing sturdy and strong and proud beside his lion, the wind blowing his black curls into his dusky, earnest eyes. Zenda came back from one of his graceful begging expeditions up the wall with a coin in his red cap. Gravely the baby bowed and waved his thanks to the laughing watchers. Then he caught sight of Jerry and his lady bending over.

"Hooray, Kid!" shouted Jerry. One bound and he was over the railing, landing springily in the sand beside Luis.

"That's sure a peachy lion," he admired heartily. He stooped to look more closely, and the little old-man monkey swung to his shoulder, clinging close.